



*Christmas Misgivings*

## Christmas Misgivings by thewordsleep

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Abusive Sonia Kaspbrak, Christmas Fluff, Declarations Of Love, Fluff and Angst, M/M, Misunderstandings, Roommates, and they were ROOMMATES, mentioned forced prescription drug abuse, thanks Sonia

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2019-12-06

**Updated:** 2019-12-06

**Packaged:** 2019-12-17 16:29:24

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,742

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

It was supposed to be his first Christmas not living with his mom-- and yet *where* is he? Right back in his childhood bedroom, taking cold and flu meds and vitamins because she insisted the minute she opened the door and he sneezed. *Once*.

It's all Richie's fault. Richie and alcohol. Eddie never wants to see either of them again.

OR

Richie and Eddie are roommates and got drunk and slept together a week before Christmas, oops.

# Christmas Misgivings

## Author's Note:

Header image made by [pettywising](#) on tumblr and edited by me :D



It's Christmas Eve and Eddie does *not* have the holiday spirit. He normally would - he *loves* Christmas, loves everything about it; the string lights, the snow, opening presents by a cozy fire, the warmth of it all.

It was supposed to be his first Christmas not living with his mom--

and yet *where* is he? Right back in his childhood bedroom, taking cold and flu meds and vitamins because she insisted the minute she opened the door and he sneezed. *Once*.

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He'd walked out of their shared apartment three nights ago. It all started when they got drunk - celebrating being liberated bachelors for Christmas, free to do whatever the fuck they wanted.

Turns out, whatever the fuck they wanted was to fuck each other.

It was sloppy, and awkward, and over way too fast. It was perfect. And then Richie went and ruined it all by leaving in the morning without a word, and going on a date with some chick from work the same day. That much, Eddie could forgive, but when Richie came home with lipstick on his collar like he was fucking Cary Grant or something? Eddie lost it, he packed his shit up and left in the middle of the night.

So yeah. He can be forgiven for feeling like a Grinch this Christmas.

And now he is here, having driven back six hours, fending off his mother's told-you-so looks and warnings of illness. He's right back lying in his old room on his old bed. His mother hasn't changed anything, of course, it's only been four months. Four months of sharing a shitty two-bedroom apartment with his best friend. Four months of freedom, all ruined because they got drunk and fucked. Because Eddie was in love and got his stupid hopes up.

He sighs heavily and smothers a pillow to his face, trying and failing to just forget and fall asleep. Tomorrow is Christmas after all, his mom has a whole day of nursing him back to health planned.

A knock on the glass of his window shocks Eddie out of his thoughts, and he sits up fast, almost dizzy.

"The *hell*--?"

Richie's face is clear in the darkness outside, cupping his hands around his face as he peers in through the window. His teeth are

chattering, and some snow has begun to fall, white flakes lightly dusting his hair and shoulders.

"Oh no," Eddie says resolutely. "No, no. *No* Richie."

Richie makes a sad face at him and claws pitifully at the glass, shivering harder for show, like he doesn't have a giant coat on.

It still works.

"God damn it," Eddie mutters to himself and scoots closer to the window. He undoes the latch and grunts as he tries to lift it--it always sticks like this when it's cold out. He finally manages to heave it up, but the momentum makes Richie lose his footing, and he wobbles back dangerously on his heels.

Eddie's hand immediately shoots out and grabs him by the collar, pulling Richie into the room before he can tumble down to his snowy grave.

He topples onto Eddie instead, Richie's weight falling heavily on him, pressing him into the bed.

"Get off me," Eddie quickly demands into Richie's shoulder. "Off, off, off."

But Richie just cuddles up closer, his skin and breath cold on Eddie's face.

"But you're so *warm!*"

Eddie shoves him back harder than he means to, pushing Richie off the bed.

Hearing the thump, he feels guilty for it, and fights back his desire to pick Richie up and warm his freezing limbs. The urge to take care of Richie has always been palpable, and especially now with the way Richie's looking up at him, shivering and sad. Eddie has to look away, biting his lip as he shuts the window closed, shutting out the bite of the cold, windy air. He wraps his arms around himself.

"Beep beep, Richie," he says flatly through his teeth. "What the hell

are you doing here?"

"Okay, I fucked up," Richie sighs. He climbs back onto the bed, sitting cross-legged in front of Eddie and sniffing wetly. "But I was out there a while, have some sympathy. Climbing up here isn't as easy as I remember it being."

Eddie scoffs and refuses to meet Richie's eye. "It's only been four months, Richie."

Richie simply stares back at him, then says, "Come back home with me," wiping at his nose with his sleeve. Eddie isn't even disgusted by it, *that's* how far gone he is.

"I *am* home."

"No you're not." Richie shifts closer, reaching out to take hold of Eddie's hands. "Eddie--holy fuck you're so warm."

The snow is beginning to melt in his hair, the frost on his glasses dripping down the bridge of his nose. Richie's cheeks and lips are still red from the cold, his nose is rosey too.

"Why?" Eddie asks softly, but doesn't pull his hands away. "Why do you want me to go back, Richie? Why now? It's been *days*."

"I'm an idiot," Richie tells him earnestly, looking small in his big, puffy coat. "I freaked out after-but-Eddie, we *slept together*. While you were *drunk!*"

"Hey, you were drunk too." Eddie lifts his chin defiantly, and tries to tug his hands away now. If Richie came to tell him it was all just a mistake, that he regrets it - Eddie doesn't want to hear it. He *can't*.

Richie doesn't let him pull free, instead he moves even closer, clutching at Eddie's forearms. "But I was sober enough to remember it," he says, "No, listen to me. I remember *everything* after you kissed me, when I took you to bed with me, when we--"

"Stop it, Rich," Eddie begs weakly, his throat constricting.

"And in the morning I freaked out so bad, Eds," Richie goes on, still

lightly shaking, "because if it was a mistake, if it wasn't gonna happen again then how, how was I supposed to...?" Richie shuts his eyes and shakes his head. "I couldn't. So I went on that date, but nothing happened! I mean, she did try to kiss me..."

Eddie tries to move away at that, but Richie has him trapped, his legs bracketing Eddie's now. He pushes into his space until he has Eddie flat on his back on the bed.

"But I didn't kiss her back," Richie insists, "I fucking swear!" He reaches up to place his chilled hands on Eddie's cheeks, wild-eyed. "I swear--I'm so stupid, Eddie, I know. After you left I kept moping around the house not knowing what to *do*, or where you even went! You weren't answering your phone."

Eddie had been screening his calls. He swallows hard and stares out at the window, the ceiling, anywhere but Richie's imploring gaze.

"And then Stan called and I told him everything, and he told me you came *here*, and I," Richie sighs and bends down to hug him, squeezing Eddie with his arm and murmuring into his sweater, "I realized just how much I messed up, for you to come back here. I fucked up big time."

Eddie closes his eyes tightly, feeling Richie's hand warming up on his cheek. "It's not so bad," he says.

"She has you on cold and flu, and like, fifty types of vitamins and antibiotics, don't lie," Richie remarks as he pulls back, eyeing the bottles on the bedside table. "Is that *stool softener*?"

"Beep beep," Eddie bites out automatically.

"I love you," Richie states, his breath gusting warmly against Eddie's chin. "I should've lead with that. Eddie, I'm so fuckin' in love with you, and I'm an idiot, and I'm sorry."

Eddie blinks up at him, his heart thumping fast in his chest and throat. *And maybe growing two sizes*, he thinks nonsensically. "Tell me why."

"Why what?"

"Why did you freak out so badly, after..."

"Oh," Richie says softly. "Because, well, it's a lot of reasons. But, well, you-we were drunk, and I wasn't sure," he licks his lips, "I wasn't sure if you'd regret it, but really, I was just scared."

"Of what," Eddie asks softly, "of... me?"

Richie smiles at him ruefully. "Of being with you, like for real. I've always been scared of messing us up, Eds. Because that's what I do, I fuck things up, like I already have."

Eddie shakes his head and starts to protest but Richie shushes him, his thumb pushing lightly on his bottom lip. His weight is warm and familiar, and Eddie revels in it.

"But, I want this so much," Richie says shakily, "You have no idea. I've wanted this for so long. I've loved you for *so long*, Eddie."

His eyes are shining behind his glasses. Eddie can't help but to reach up and gently cup his cheek, blushing when Richie turns his head to kiss the center of his palm.

"Let me do it right this time," He pleads, "Please, *please* come back with me. Our place doesn't feel like home without you there."

"Richie..."

"If you're not ready, though," Richie interrupts him, sounding desperate, "then I can... stay here? I mean, I'll even take half your daily doses of meds, just. I want to be with you, wherever, but *with you*. If that's okay, if, if you'll let me."

Instead of answering, since he can't seem to get a word in edgewise, Eddie frames Richie's face in his hands and presses their lips together, feeling warm and sure as Richie kisses him back.

"I've missed you so much," Eddie whispers against his mouth, knocking Richie's glasses askew with his cheek. "Can't believe you were gonna make me spend Christmas without you. With my *mom*."

Richie just gapes at him, and says, "You kissed me," reverently,



touching his lips with wide eyes. "Sorry, I just-- wait, you're coming home?"

Eddie grins up at him and pecks him on the cheek sweetly. "Only if you promise to stop being an idiot."

"Negative, Eddie my love," Richie says in his robot voice, "now that we're doing this thing for real, it's gonna be non-stop stupid Richie mode," he pauses when Eddie laughs into his neck, "but only for you, though."

Eddie smiles, holding Richie close to him. "Let's go home," he says happily, "before my mom forces us both to drink Pepto and stool softeners"

*end.*

#### **Author's Note:**

Thank you for reading! I'm [thewordsleep](#) on tumblr, mostly I reblog fanart and post fic updates there if ya wanna hang :)